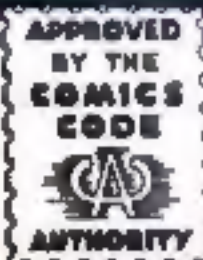




**beetle
bailey**

NO. 119 NOV
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**ALL
NEW**

beetle bailey

CHARLTON



**DANGER
WORK
AHEAD**



00710

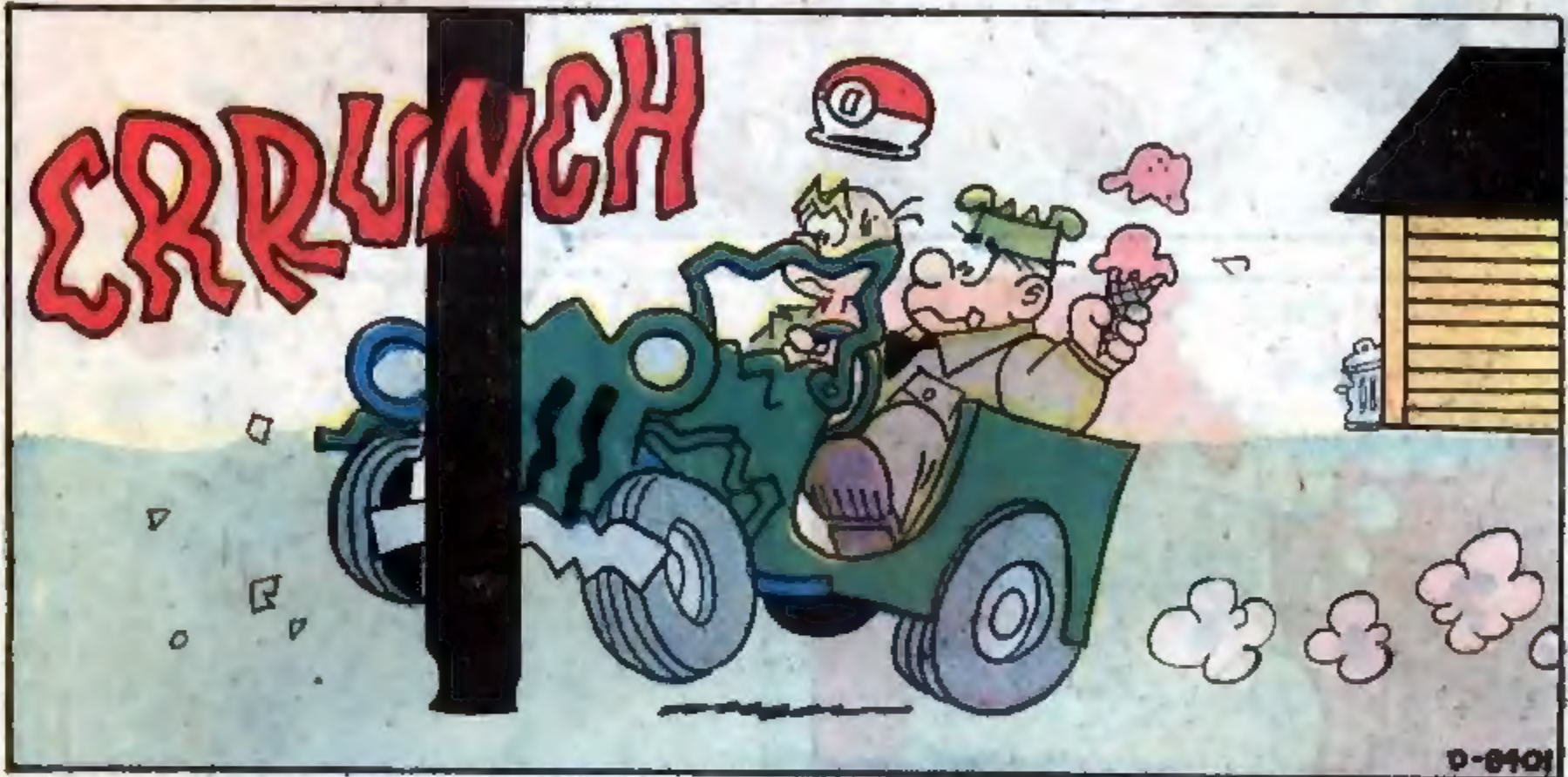


MORT
WALKER

beetle bailey

by mort walker

Caught ⁱⁿ the CRUNCH



D-8401



BEETLE BAILEY Vol. 9, No. 119, November, 1976.

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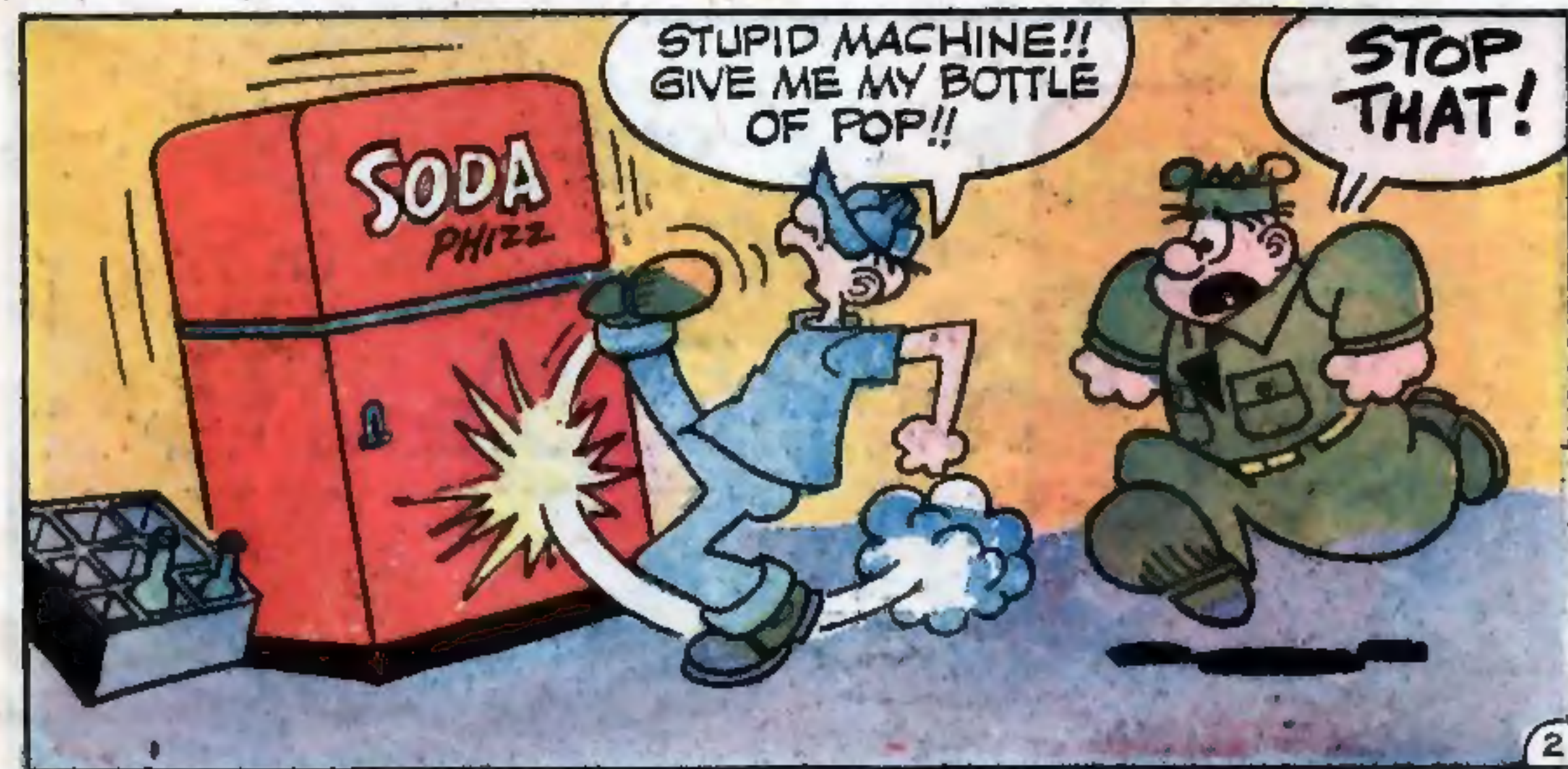


SARGE in "FLUSHED"



BEETLE and SARGE in
SWEET TALK







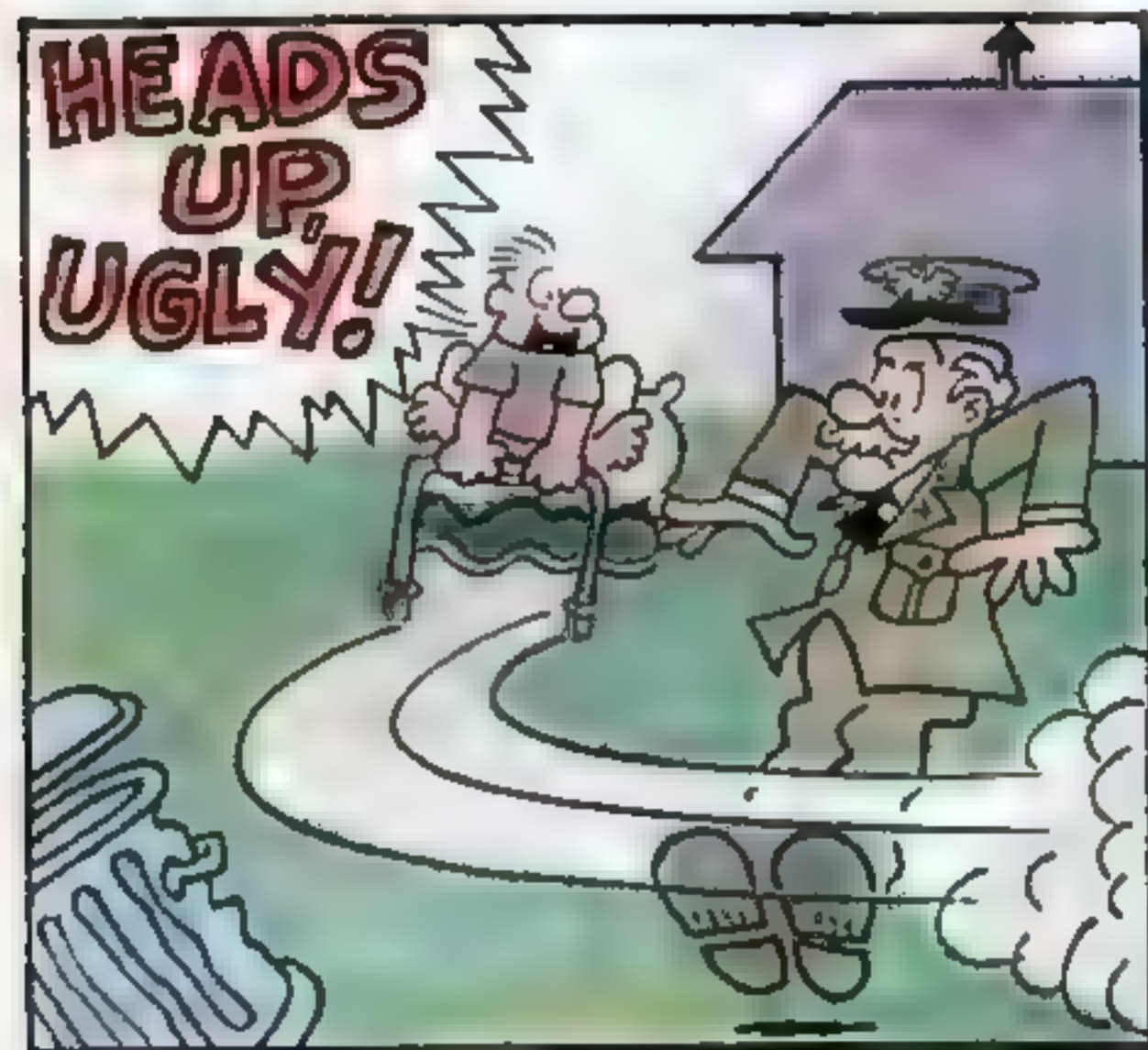
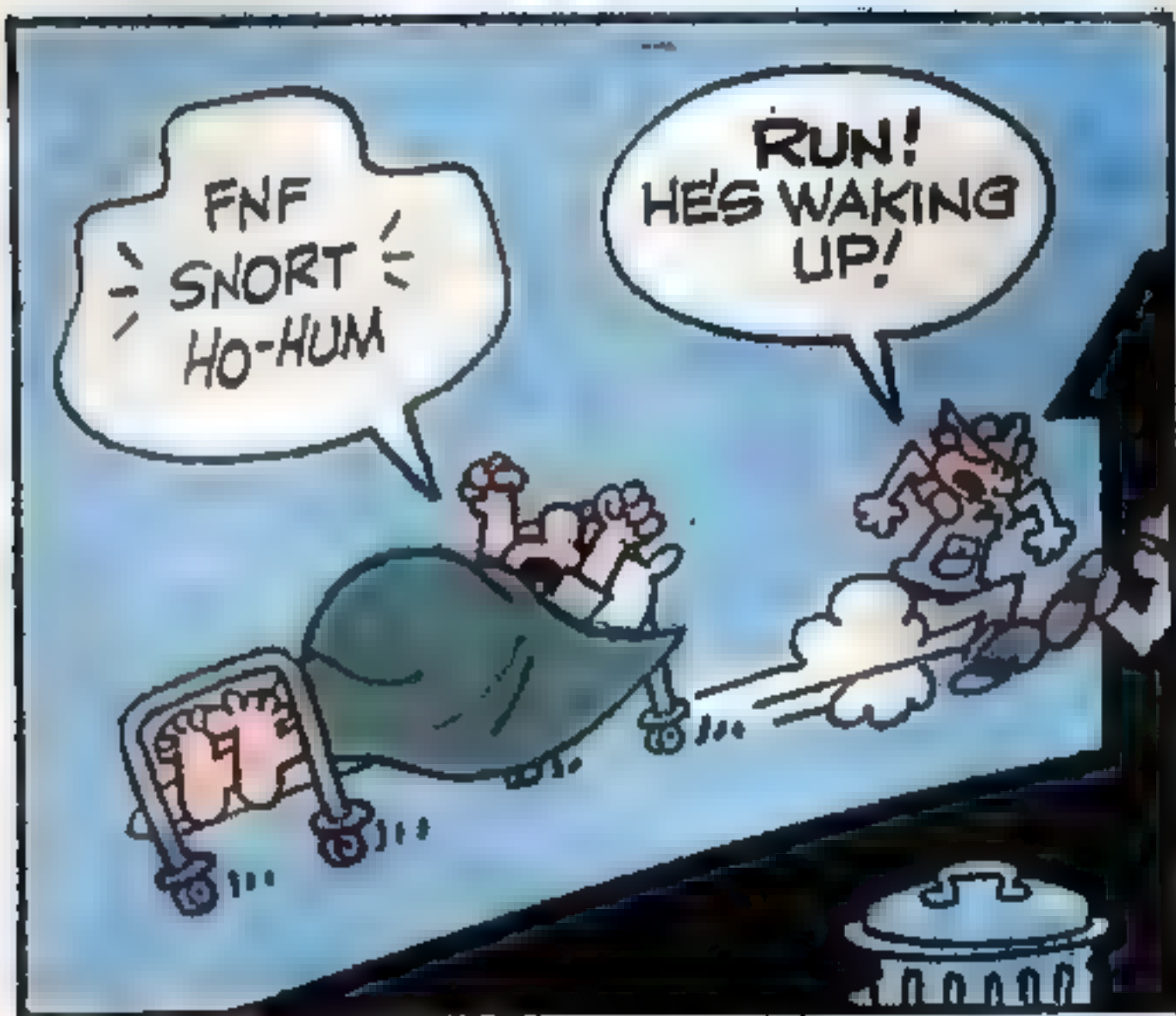
SARGE'S DREAM Ride



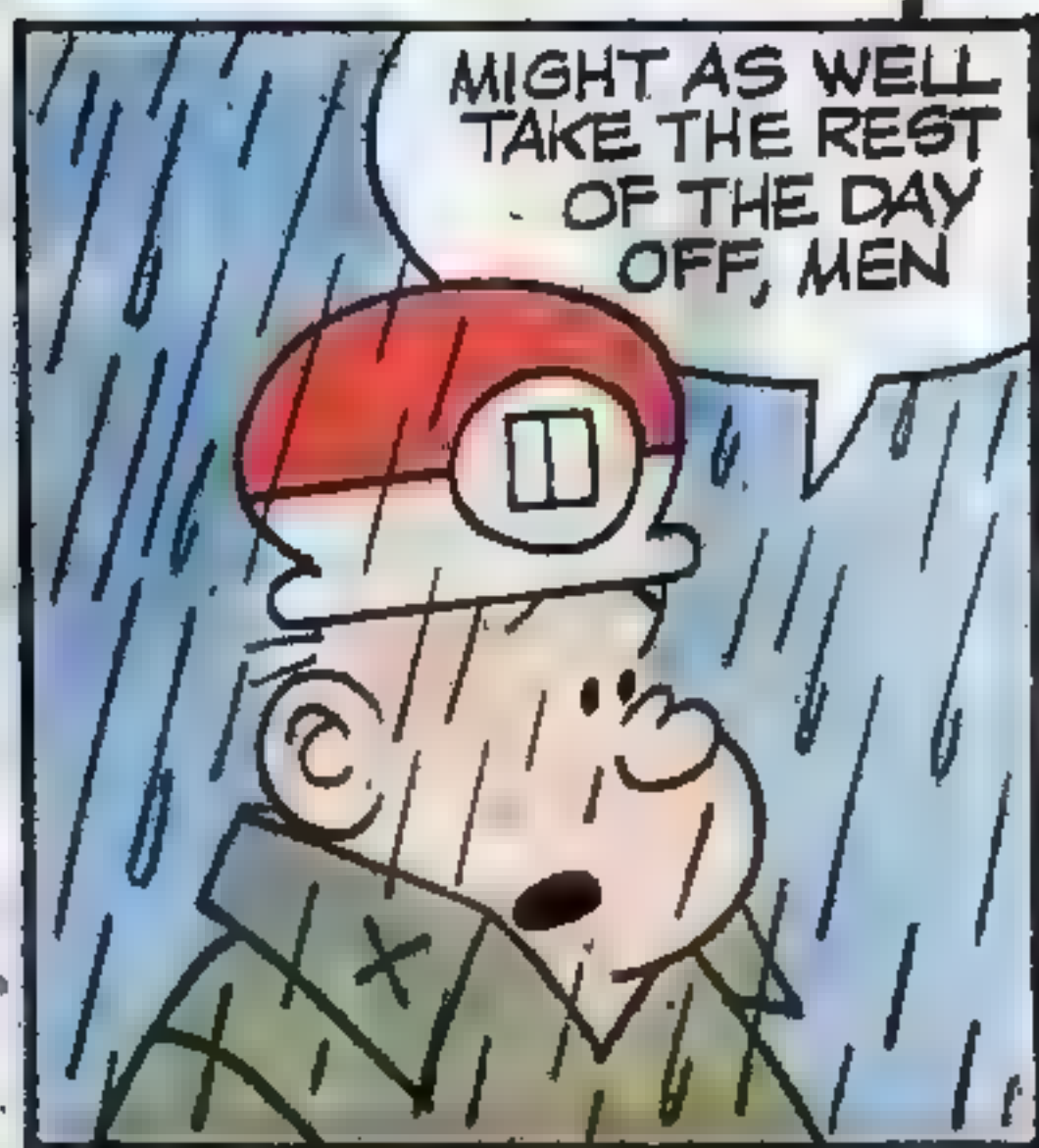
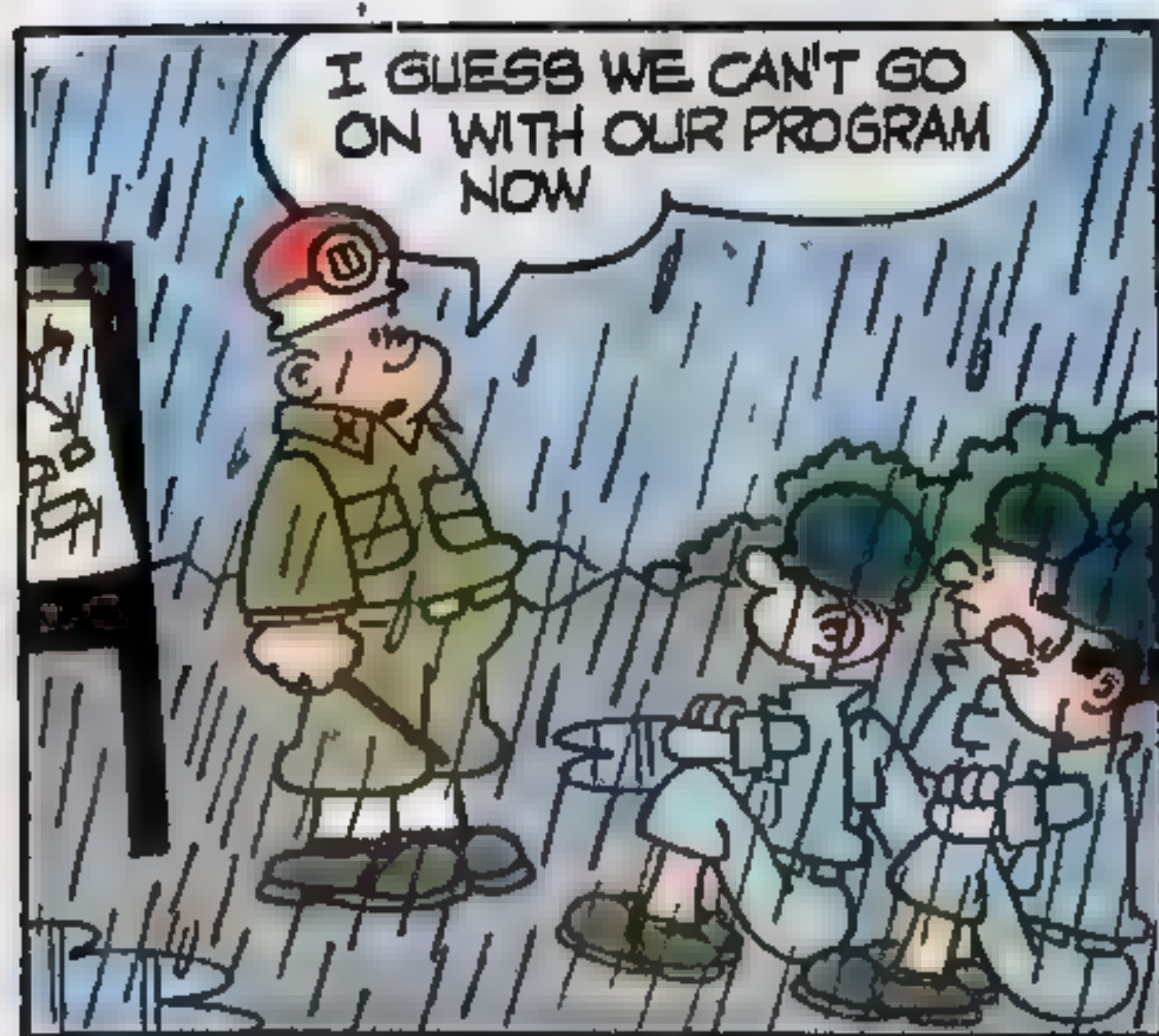
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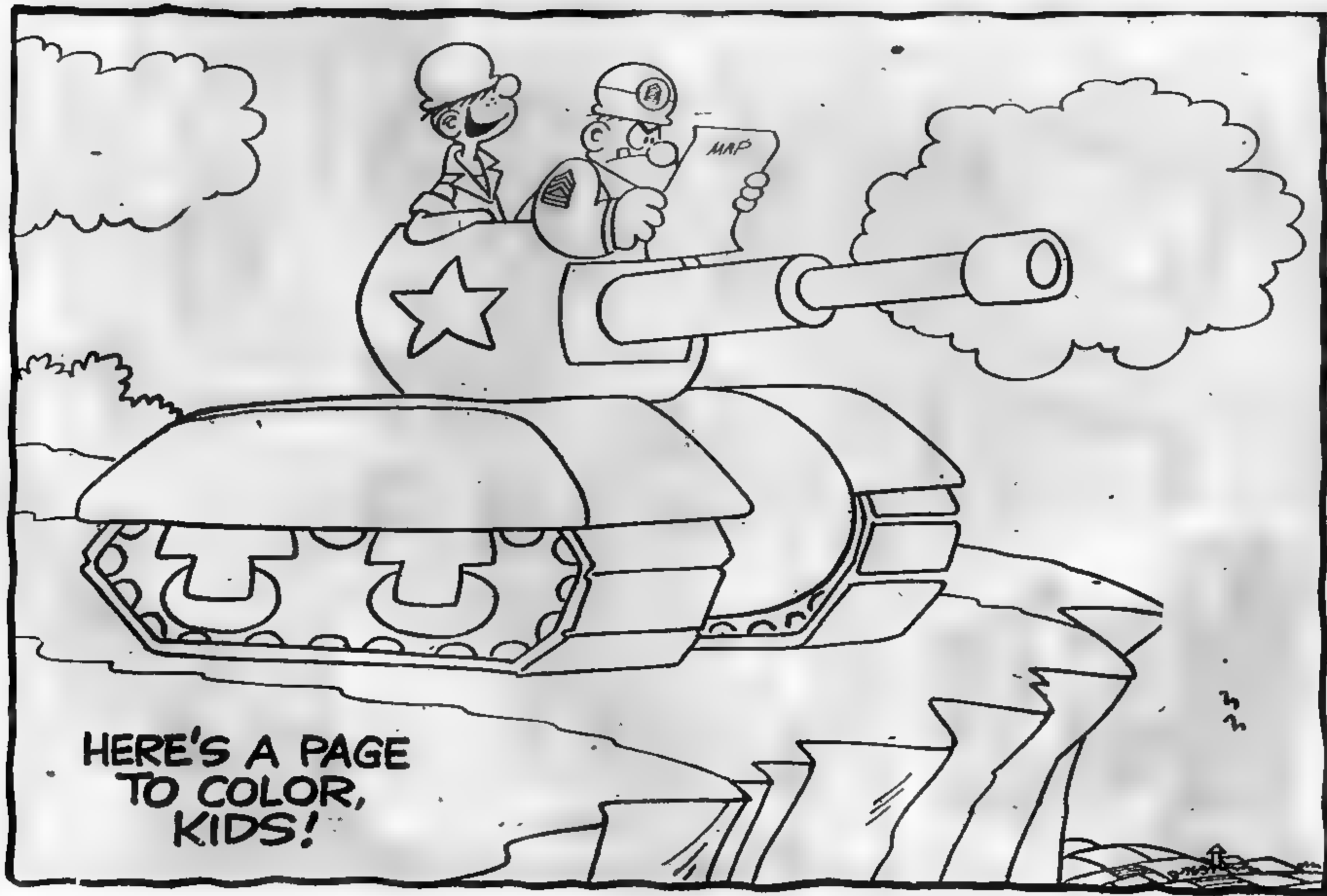






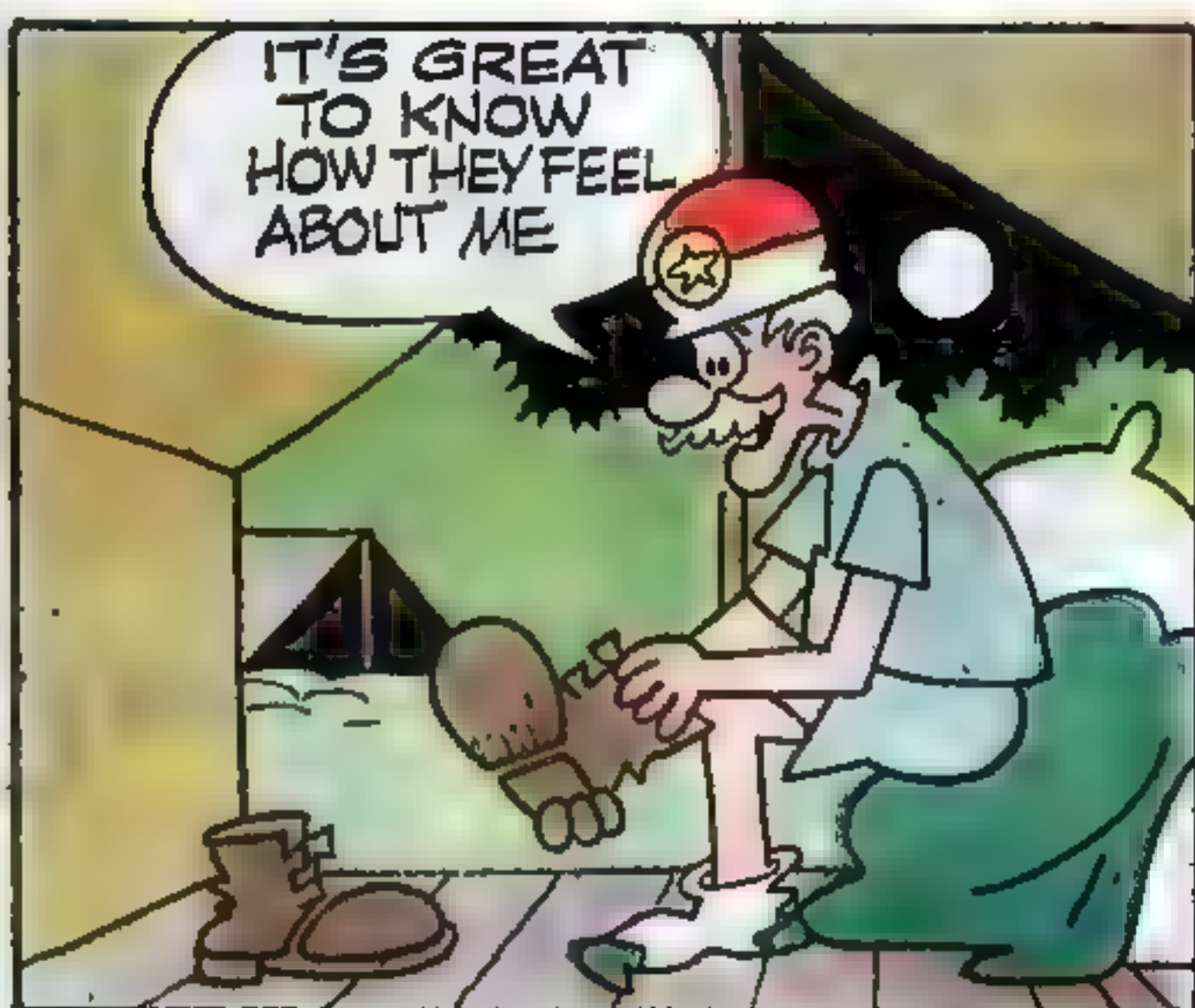
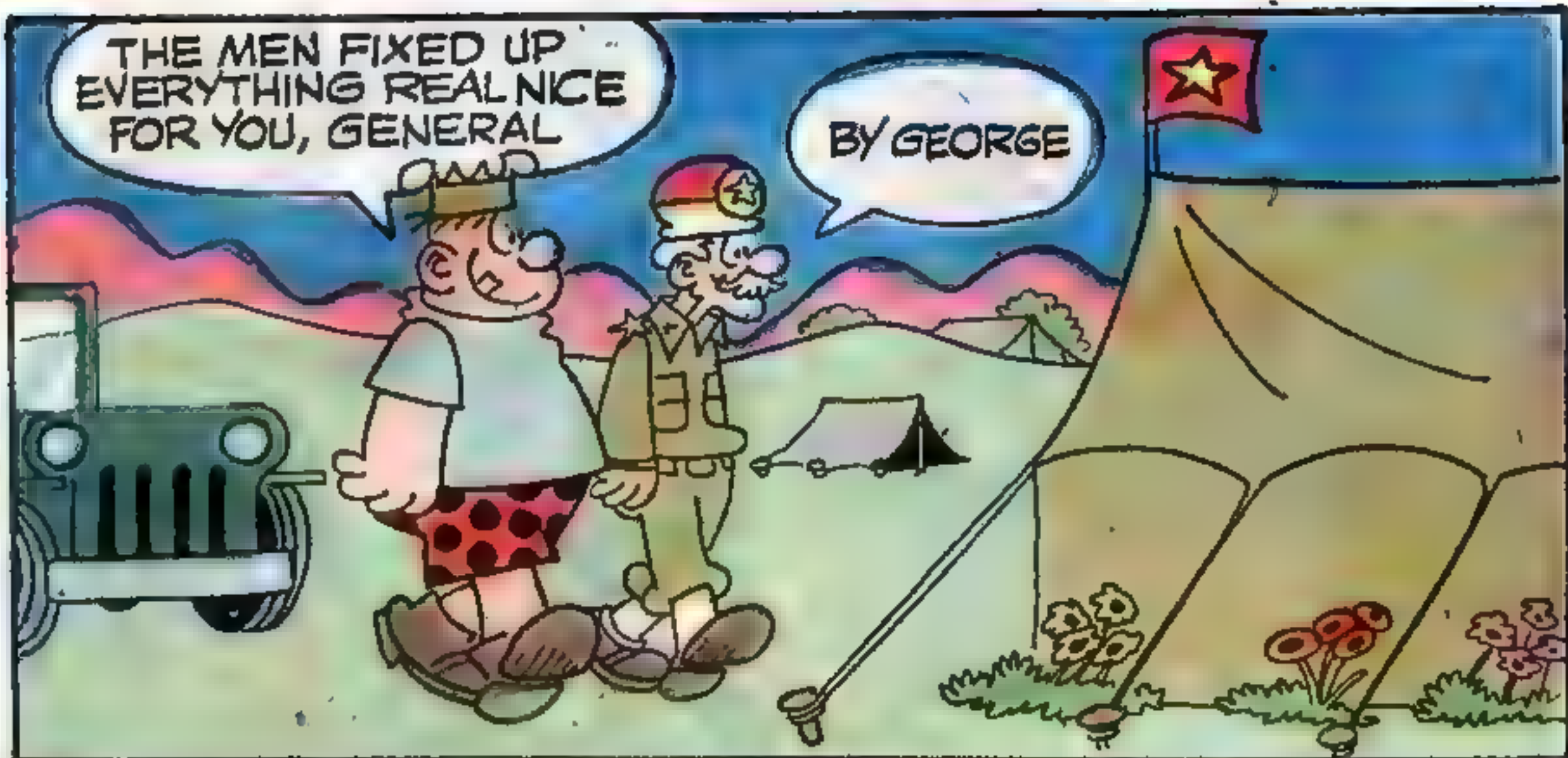
BETTY'S OFF DAY





The **TRICKSTERS**







THE DIRTIEST DETAIL!

Reveille sounded in Camp Swampy just as the sun showed its face over the horizon.

Sleepy soldiers slowly rolled out of their warm bunks. Getting up was a chore for every enlisted man — especially Beetle Bailey!

"Another day, another dirty detail," groaned Killer as he eased out of the cot beside Beetle's bed. "Sarge Snorkel always tricks me into volunteering for crummy jobs!" he complained. "The Sarge swears that they're nice and soft and easy! They always turn out to be dirty, tough and hard!"

"Sarge Snorkel is cagey!" admitted Plate as he put on his uniform. "Listen carefully to everything he says when he asks for volunteers after inspection. Everything the Sarge says has a hidden meaning. Make sure you understand the type of job he's describing before you volunteer for it!"

"Yeah! The Sarge is better at dishing out double talk than I am," admitted Rocky. "Today, I'm not volunteering for a detail unless I'm certain that it's a soft job!"

"That's what I'm going to do too!" shouted Zero enthusiastically.

"I'm going to wait until the Sarge comes to the end of the duty roster!" stated Beetle as he buttoned up his shirt. "Usually, the last job is the easiest one!"

Quickly, all of the soldiers filed out of the barracks. Sarge Snorkel came storming out of the Captain's office and they fell in for inspection.

After morning inspection, the Captain put the men at ease and handed Sergeant Snorkel a clipboard with the daily duty roster on it.

Swiftly, the Sarge flipped through the pages. His eyes scanned the available jobs as his platoon waited patiently.

The Sarge lowered the clipboard and looked up. Smiling from ear to ear, he began to call for volunteers.

"I need an athletic individual who is willing to work with raw recruits in a teaching capacity. This is a soft job! The volunteer will be on his back most of the day!" the Sarge explained.

Killer thought for a minute. Maybe the Sarge was trying to fool everyone by putting the best job first. He wondered if he should volunteer. Slowly, he raised his hand. The Sarge allowed him to ask his question.

"If I volunteer, will I have to do much physical work?" Killer asked.

"Heck, no!" the Sarge assured him. "All you have to do is to stand around and let someone else do all of the work!"

"Okay! I volunteer!" shouted Killer eagerly.

"Report to Corporal Karate at the judo training school," replied the Sarge dryly. "He's going to teach judo to the new recruits and you're going to be his demonstration dummy!"

Killer groaned sadly and skulked away. He'd been fooled again.

"Now, I need two volunteers," continued the Sarge. "I need a geological supervisor and an assistant to examine newly uncovered rock samples," he stated stonily.

"I like geology!" exclaimed Plate happily. "Studying rock formations is very interesting! I volunteer!"

"Okay, you're the supervisor!" answered the Sarge. "Who wants to be Plate's assistant?"

Rocky figured that Plate was too intelligent to be outsmarted by Sergeant Snorkel. If Plate thought the geological detail was good enough to volunteer for, it had to be an easy job!

"I volunteer!" Rocky shouted.

"Go over to the supply depot and get a pick and a shovel," the Sarge said to his volunteers. "Plate, since you're the supervisor, you get the pick. Rocky gets the shovel. Your job is to dig a five foot hole behind the barracks. I'm sure you'll uncover some interesting rock formations," he laughed.

Now, there were only two jobs left. Beetle or Zero would have to volunteer next.

"Now, I need a turf inspector to supervise a ground crew working on General Halftrack's lawn!" stated the Sarge. "This is the best job I have today! Who wants it?"

"Turf inspector? Hal!" thought Beetle. "He wants someone to mow General Halftrack's grass! I don't want to do any gardening today! I won't volunteer!"

"I'll take it," yelled Zero.

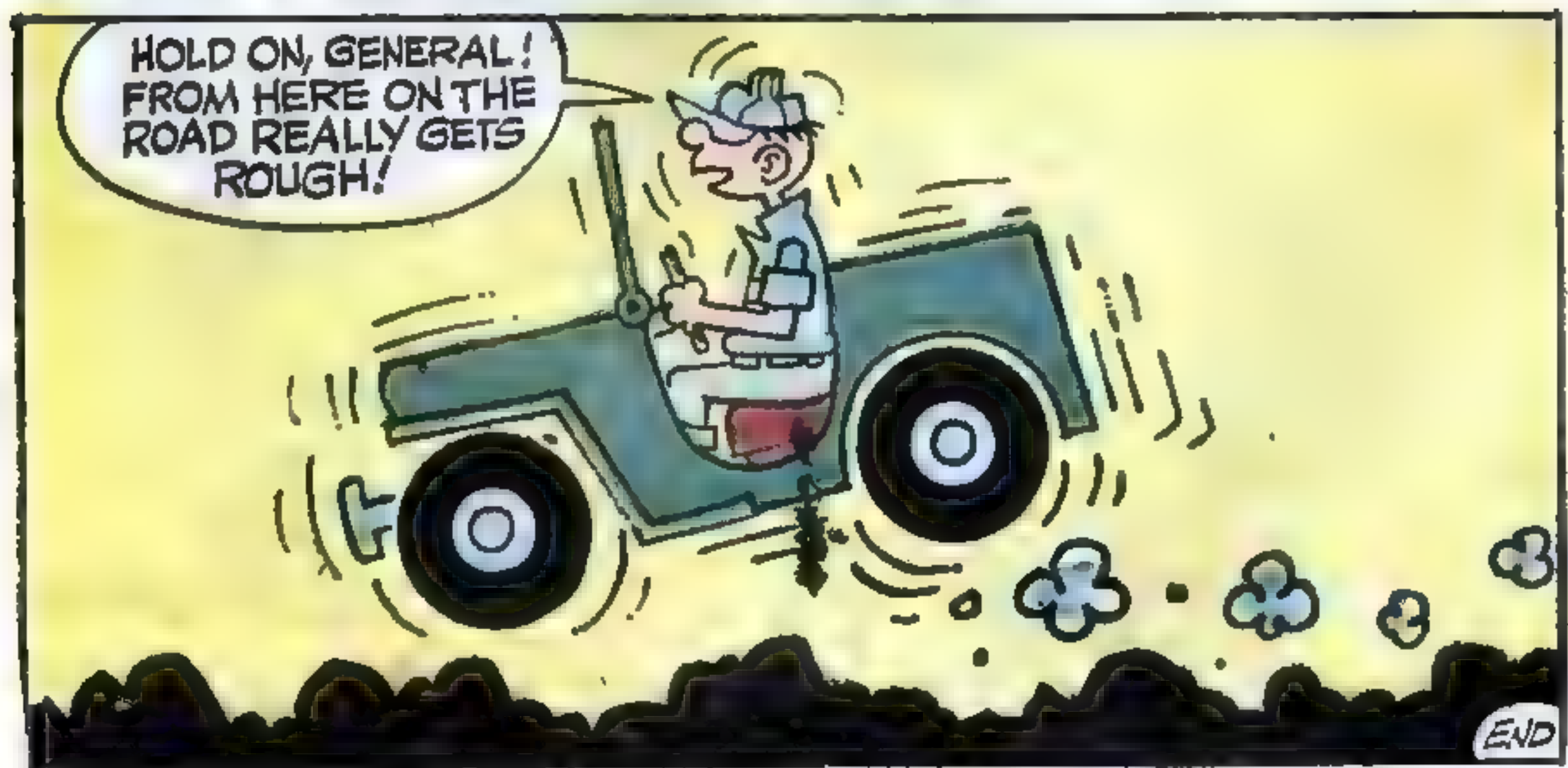
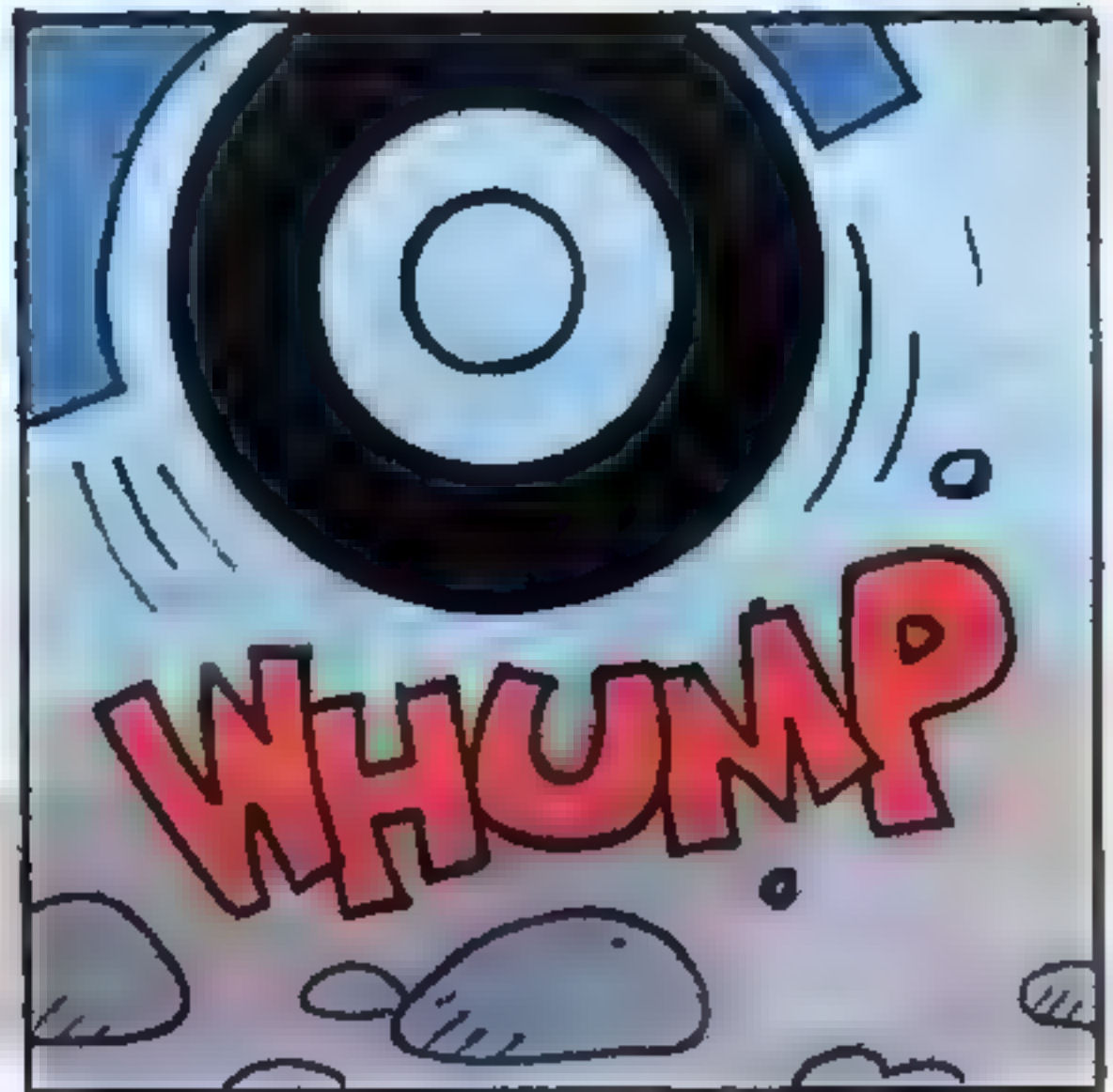
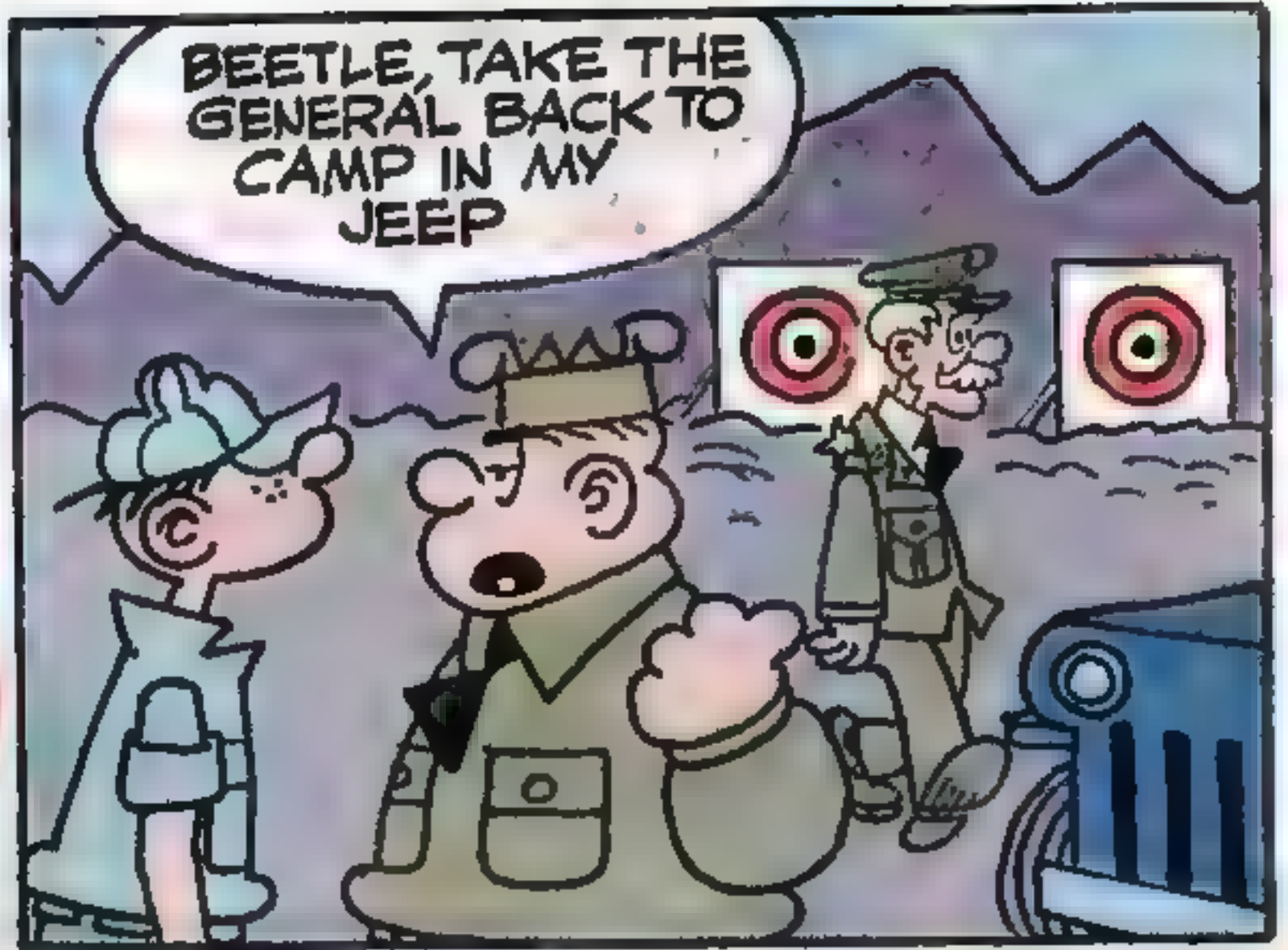
"Beetle, you get the last assignment then!" stated the Sarge. "You're going to be a chauffeur. You have to escort a large quantity of army surplus material to a non military institution!"

Beetle grinned. That had to be the best job! It couldn't be a dirty detail! He'd lucked out!

Later, Beetle was shocked when he found out that he had to drive a garbage truck. The army surplus he was escorting off of the base — was trash! His job was to get rid of it at the city dump. Beetle angrily got into the truck and drove away.

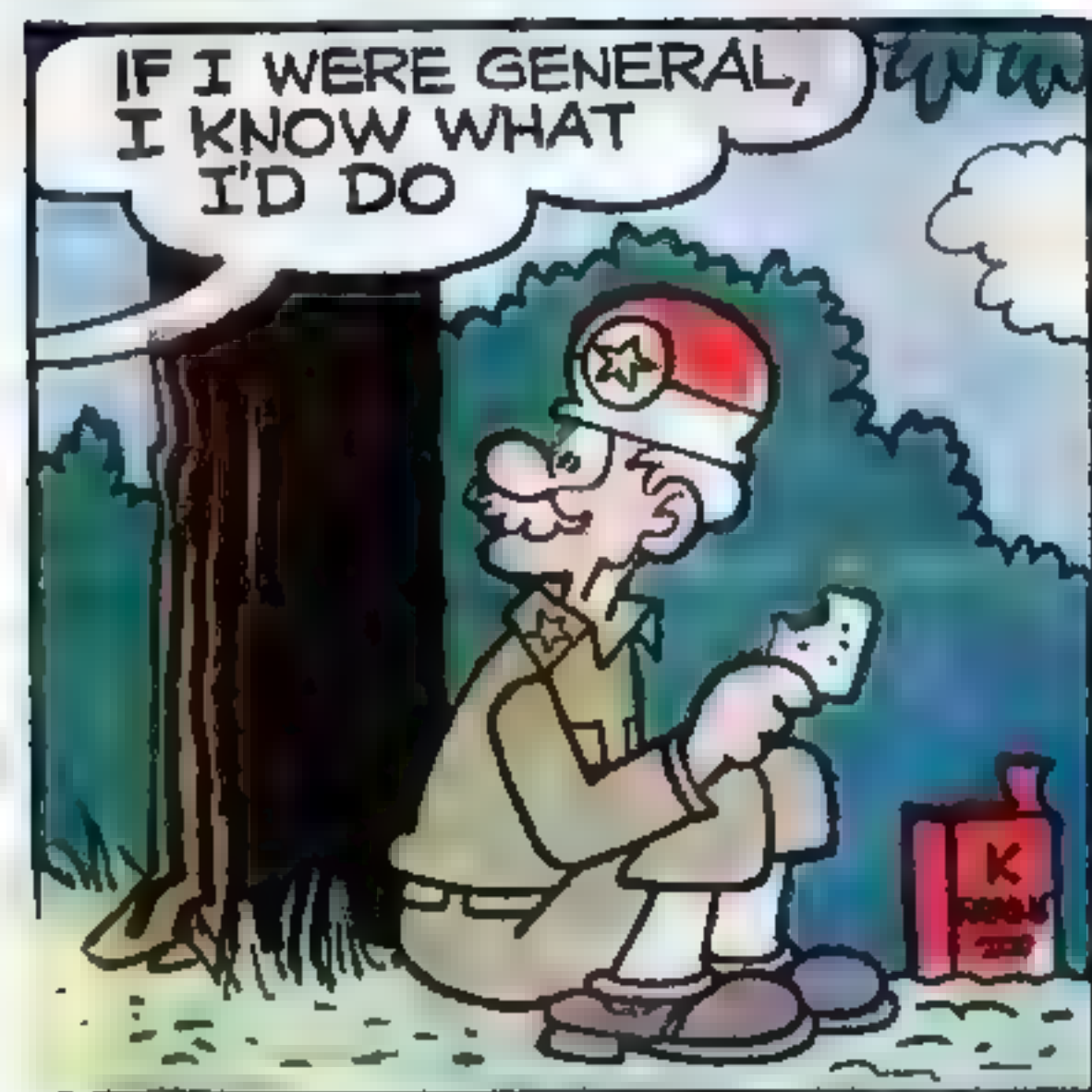
When he passed General Halftrack's house, he got so mad that he almost popped his cork. Zero was sitting in the shade as he watched a bunch of civilian gardeners put seed down on General Halftrack's lawn!

The ROUGH RIDERS



STEAK OUT







Cookie's Cure

BRING



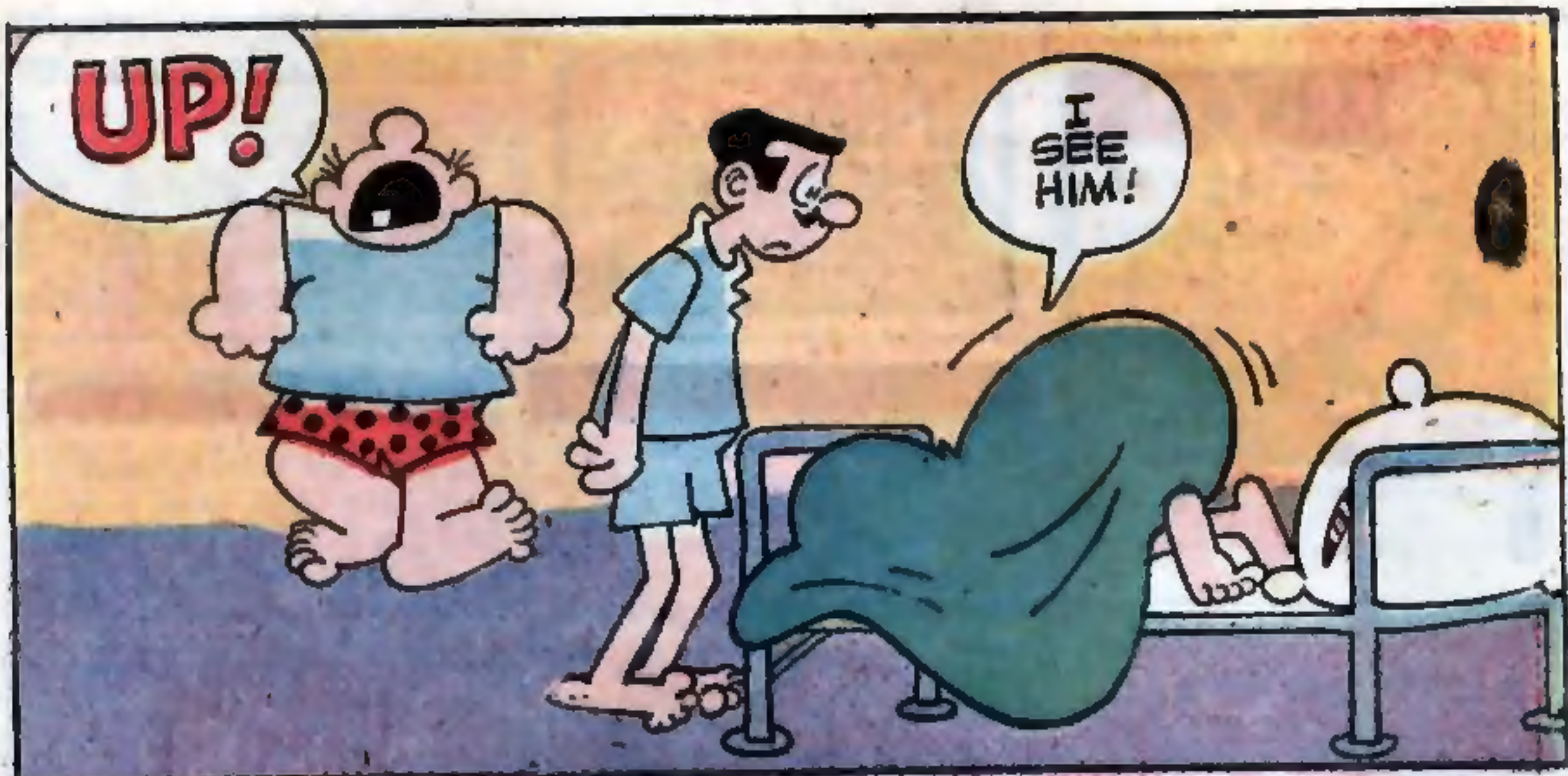
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BRRINNGG



WOW!
YOU SHOULD
SEE THE
TEMPER
SARGE
WOKE UP
WITH!





SARGE

in

PRACTICE RUN

I SEE YOU'RE OUT OF BED, SARGE. WILL YOU OR LT. FUZZ COMMAND OUR DRILL TODAY?



FALL IN!



D-8406

TEN HUT!

SUCK-IN THAT GUT!

DOUBLE-TIME, MARCH!



FALL OUT!



I'LL TELL THE LT. YOU STILL HAVE LARYNGITIS!

